We will never be alive again, but darling I feel it with you.

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We will never be alive again, but darling I feel it with you.

by TheVampirePsychologist

Summary

"You are changing, Will," Hannibal says. Not a question, more of a statement waiting to be denied.

"What makes you say that?" Will's brain buzzes with the scent of copper in the air around him. He worriedly glances up and meets Hannibal's eyes.

"Your eyes are glowing a scarlet red. Now, if I remember correctly, they were grey this morning,"

"Wh- glowing??" That was new. Hannibal continues:

"I also noticed a particular scent on you that I have not encountered in many years, but I would never forget it. The scent of a fledgeling vampire, if I'm correct?" Hannibal tilts his head. Will ashamedly looks away from the pool of blood beneath him.

"Yeah... it's only been a few days since I got bit. I'm still... getting used to things,"

"Have you fed yet? The fledgeling stage lasts longer, the less you feed, Will."

"No.. I try to avoid killing things other than fish. Though that may change now. Why do you smell so strongly of blood? More than most people?" Will asks, actually daring to look into his eyes. Hannibal smiles, admiring Will's heightened senses.

"I /love/ to cook,"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Awake.

Will Graham was slumped against the wall in the bathroom of a seedy bar. The doors of the stalls never fitting together properly, the locks always broken. The chipped paint on the walls littered with immature graffiti. " *call for a good time,"* along with a number written far too many times for it to be true. He sluggishly raises a hand to his neck, the wound bleeding warmly down his chest. He can feel the coppery liquid working its way from his throat out his mouth. He curses to himself, processing what just happened. He curses the bastard that was his Sire for leaving him alone like this. The venom in his blood working its way through his body slowly, the pain of his Change setting in like the dead of winter. His muscles twist and contract of their own accord, his body frantically trying to fight off this infection. It will fail. He'll either die, or become one of *them.* His breathing ragged, and the pool of blood beneath him growing, he lets himself fall all the way on the floor. No concern for germs now. He screams; a thousand rusty screws drilling into his skin, his bones, every piece of him felt like it was burning. He blacks out, though his body continues its painful transfiguration.

Swinging the bathroom door open, reveals a pale and sweating Will, with a predatory and hungry look on his face... and blood running down his clothes. He scans the bar with new eyes, and takes in his first moments of his new life. Nobody in the bar asks what happened; they know, and they want to stay out of it. Breathing in hard through his nose, he senses that his Sire is long gone. The bond created had been weak, due to no previous connection. Will could not feel his Sires' mind like he thought he would. He was almost saddened at the thought. The pretentious bastard had flirted with Will, bought him a drink and everything. This led to the man pulling him into the bathroom to make out- or so Will had thought. Turns out he wanted a meal, and in an act of cruelty, changed his mind halfway through. Will didn't even know his name.

He keeps his head down as he slowly walks out of the bar. Even the barkeep, whom Will was friends with, ignores his presence. He does not take this personally, though he rumbles an apology as he passes by. The only thing he could smell in the bar was booze, and it smelled sickly to him. As he left, he could hear a barmaid complain about the mess in the bathroom. He felt sorry, even though it wasn't really his fault. Will turns his head to the stars, eyes closed. He breathes deeply, his body still incredibly sore from the ordeal he just went through. He decides to run a bath when he gets home. He opens his eyes, and gasps. The sky alight with billions of stars, constellations, even galaxies, clear as day. He remembers reading somewhere that vampires' eyes are extremely light-sensitive, therefore they made wondrous astronomers. He never imagined that it would be this vivid. He laughs, breathless as he takes in the night sky. He spins in the parking lot, star-drunk.

“It's beautiful..” he whispers, his head tilted upwards as he walks home.

Will returns home to his dogs, who are a little uneasy about his change. He feeds them and plays with them, and soon they are back to being lap-dogs. He realizes that he doesn’t know what time it is. He did pass out in the bathroom, after all. Or died, rather.

“I guess I should call it what it is,” he mutters to his dogs. He settles into his bed out of habit and tries to sleep. He can’t, obviously. He was surprised by his rapid change in sleep schedule; he was expecting some jet lag. He reluctantly gets up and undresses, staring at his already paler and more defined form in the mirror. It’s only been a few hours, what will he look like when the transformation is done? The bite on his neck is mostly healed already, and only a little sore. His muscles aren't sore enough to warrant a bath anymore. He ruffles his soft brown curls, never getting them to look good. He checks out his teeth in the mirror, already his top and bottom canines are a little longer. He notices a dull ache that accompanies the growth. He smiles, lopsided and charming, but also scared. What will happen to his job? He enjoys teaching at the academy. He could change the timing of his classes to the evening, I suppose. It’s not unheard of. With a shrug, Will leaves the bathroom and picks up Bram Stoker's *"Dracula* " and reads until dawn.

As the sun rises, Will’s eyes start to hurt more and more. He digs through his closets and guest bedroom for all the blankets and towels in his house, save for the ones currently on his bed. He finds his staple gun and staples the thick fabrics over all his windows. By the time he's done, his eyes burn like he was staring at the sun for an hour. ‘ *Note to self, the sun hurts like a bitch. And I don't even know what it feels like on my skin yet.’* Once he's done, he collapses onto his bed and falls asleep. Winston, ever loyal, lay awake by his side.

He wakes up, groggy still. He looks at the clock, 8:12 pm. It should be dark now, but he leaves the blankets on the windows. He gets up and heads for the bathroom. Splashing water on his face, he inspects his teeth further. It seems they grow longer by the day. They're still incredibly sore, though. He decides to call the academy and have his classes moved to the evening. He doesn't really have a cover story, but he doesn't end up needing one. He emails his students, letting them know of the schedule change. Some are kind, some are not. Two have to drop the class for now due to scheduling issues.

Professor Graham, finishing up a lecture, starts to pack up his notes on the podium. The man known as Jack Crawford saunters into his office. The pair share simple yet uncomfortable conversation, though Will can sense that he wants something.

“May I?” he asks, gesturing to Wills’ glasses. He doesn’t wait for an answer before pushing them back into place on Wills’s bridge. He stiffens at the sudden intrusion. It takes everything in him not to skitter away, snarling. He scents Jack’s hand as it leaves. As a self-

control exercise, Will has been periodically scenting people, to gauge his reaction to humans, and their blood. So far, he doesn't have more than a rumble in his throat and a slight craving. He knows it will get worse though. Jack tells him about the eight girls that have gone missing, while Will peers absently everywhere but his eyes, listening intently. Will knows that if he's going to work with Jack and the FBI, he'll have to get used to bloody crime scenes pretty quick.

Will sits in front of Jack's desk, while a new person inspects the wall of evidence for the Elise Nichols case. Jack tells the two of them how the photographs of the crime scene got spread to TattleCrime.com. Under his breath, Will mutters,

"Tasteless.."

"Do you have trouble with taste?" the man asks, an odd tone in his voice.

"My thoughts are often not tasty," Will retorts.

"Nor mine," he leans in to inspect a photo pinned to the wall. "No effective barriers,"

"I build forts,"

"Associations come quickly,"

"So do forts," As the man sits down next to him, sipping a coffee, Will catches an odd scent on him. He was introduced as Doctor Hannibal Lecter. He's a psychiatrist whom Jack enlisted to help with the case. What an odd name. He speaks with a European accent, but it's hard to place. Swedish? Danish?

Will finds himself breathing deeply through his nose, scenting him more thoroughly than anyone so far. Will assumes it's just his thirst ramping up.

"Not fond of eye contact, are you?" the doctor asks. Will sighs, turning his grey eyes to meet the doctor's brown ones. He hadn't noticed the colour until now.

"Eyes are distracting. See too much, you don't see enough, and it's hard to focus when you're thinking, um, *oh those whites are really white,* or *he must have hepatitis,* or *oh, is that a burst vein?"* Hannibal smiles with amusement. "So, yeah. I try to avoid eyes whenever possible. Jack?" he says, flipping through a file.

"I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present, yet shocked at your associations. Appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love," Hannibal states. Will looks at him in offence.

"Whose profile are you working on?" he turns to Jack. " *Whose profile is he working on??"*

“I’m sorry Will, observing is what we do. I can’t shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off,”

“ *Please..* Don’t psychoanalyze me. You won’t like me when I’m psychoanalyzed,”

“Will,-” Jack starts.

“Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go give a lecture… *on psychoanalyzing,* ” he then grabs his coat and storms out of the office. His feathers thoroughly ruffled, his thirst getting worse by the minute, and the shocking reality of the doctors’ words had his hands shaking.

Changing.

Chapter Summary

> “This isn't funny, Dr. Lecter. You may have encountered my kind and claim to know all about them, but you don't know what it's like. You don't know what it's like to want to kill people all the time!” Will stands up, pacing behind his chair. He runs a hand through his hair and over his face, trying to calm down.
> “Will, you need to stop. You need to calm down. Finish your--”
> “Calm down? You're telling me to calm down? I AM CALM, I'M PERFECTLY FINE!” Will roars, leaning over his chair. He bares his newly grown fangs at the doctor for good measure. Hannibal, who is actually calm, stands up and steadies his voice.
> “If you ever bare your teeth at me like that again, I'll be sure to explain to Jack that you physically threatened your new psychiatrist. This will likely get you fired from the academy. Do you understand me, Will?”

Chapter Notes

> ive decided to make the summary a little teaser of the next chapter, by the way. hope you enjoy this mess!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal Knocks on the door of Will Grahams’ motel room, holding a bag full of food, of course. Will grimaces at the sunlight in his eyes, noticing it doesn't affect his skin as much as he expected. He relaxes after a moment, nocturnal eyes adjusting. Will asks where Jack is, Hannibal says he’s “deposed in court,” so it's just them for the evening.

“May I come in?” Will walks back into the hotel room with no more than a glance at the eyes and a small nod. Will hardly listens as Hannibal goes on about the case, letting autopilot run his replies. He thanks Hannibal for the food, a social cue he learned quickly in his southern childhood home. He tries not to breathe through his nose, the scent of the doctor across from him was dizzying. The eggs and sausage Hannibal provided smelled wonderful, though “regular” food doesn't seem to feed him like it used to. I suppose it makes sense. Suddenly Hannibal says something that makes him zone back in.

“I think uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little teacup, used only for special guests,” Will leans back in his chair, laughing. Voice hoarse from lack of use, he laughs at the innocence of the comment.

“How do *you* see me?” he asks, humoring Hannibal's odd conversation topic.

“The mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by,” he says with all seriousness. Wills’ smile fades from view as he processes what Hannibal said. “finish your breakfast,” reminds the doctor. They don't talk much after that, but Will allows himself to scent the room. He notices a sweet richness, almost making his stomach rumble despite the food that fills it. His instincts flare, causing him to shift in his seat, tapping the table with an impatience to be done with this day already.

As the woman on the front deck bleeds out beneath him, Will frantically twitches his hands around the slit in her neck, trying to stop the blood. More for his own sake than for hers. The scent hitting his nose was making him go borderline feral. He breathes heavily through his nose, keeping his mouth clamped shut so Dr. Lecter doesn’t see his fangs.

His hands shake as he pulls the trigger, over and over, praying he doesn’t hit the girl Garrett Jacob Hobbs holds in front of him. Her throat cut halfway, she chokes and bleeds out onto the linoleum floor. Right now, Will is more concerned about her safety than his thirst. The man slumps down in a corner beside her, while Will hurriedly and poorly tries to stop the blood.

“ *See?... See..?”*

Hannibal calmly moves behind the girl, clamping his hand around her throat. Not cutting off her airway, but slowing her loss of blood.

“You are changing, Will,” Hannibal says. Not a question, more of a statement waiting to be denied.

“What makes you say that?” Will’s brain buzzes with the scent of copper in the air around him. He worriedly glances up and meets Hannibal’s eyes.

“Your eyes are glowing a scarlet red. Now, if I remember correctly, they were grey this morning,”

“Wh- *glowing??” That was new.* Hannibal continues:

“I also noticed a particular scent on you that I have not encountered in many years, but I would never forget it. The scent of a fledgeling vampire, if I’m correct?” Hannibal tilts his head. Will ashamedly looks away from the pool of blood beneath him.

“Yeah... it’s only been a few days since I got bit. I’m still... getting used to things,”

“Have you fed yet? The fledgeling stage lasts longer, the less you feed, Will.”

“No.. I try to avoid killing things other than fish. Though that may change now,” he gestures to the body that recently was Garrett Jacob Hobbs. “Why do you smell so strongly of blood? More than most people?” Will asks, actually daring to look into his eyes. Hannibal smiles, admiring Will’s heightened senses.

“I *love* to cook,”

Will tries to stay in his house as much as he can while he’s in such a volatile yet vulnerable state. Fledgelings are like teenagers, maturing from human to fully grown vampire. This also means that they need to sleep more, eat more, and they’ll definitely have some growing pains. As the days go by, he grows accustomed to his changing life. He’s refused to hunt so far, reluctant to become a selfish creature. That will change. *Soon.*

When his body weakens and his throat burns, his instincts crying out for him to feed, he resorts to whisky. It affects him less by the day. He tries to eat regular food, but his body has stopped digesting anything. He forces himself to throw it up so it doesn’t rot in his stomach.

When his stomach and throat burn, itching like he swallowed a swarm of flies, he takes antacids and cough drops. These don’t work at all, but he seems to think they do.

When his emotions flare, crying over nothing or wanting to scream at a dropped keyring, he forces himself to internalize it. You can’t be mad when you’re numb, right? *Bottling sounds like a good idea,* He thinks to himself.

When he gets the inescapable urge to hunt, he locks himself in his bathroom, for fear of hurting his dogs. Even feral, he would never. He would protect his pack with his life.

When his bones and muscles and teeth ache like he just ran a marathon, he runs himself hot baths. He’s had to order bath salts online, and try his best not to eat the delivery boy.

Will first noticed his aversion to silver when he reached for his father’s cross, feeling nostalgic of childhood while he goes through a different type of puberty. It seemed to hum in the air around it. He got a sick feeling that he really shouldn’t touch silver. He tuned into the frequency it held, and he could sense where every piece of silver he owned was in his house. It also drove him mad, because he couldn’t tune it out now that he’d noticed it. He decided to go around his house, collecting all his silver things in a box. He wore oven mitts, because he wasn’t sure if it could kill him. When he finished, he put the box in his basement, in the farthest corner of the house from his bed.

Will has been able to deal with the symptoms of his change by himself, for the most part. He wasn't expecting bloodlust to be so... lust-y. He found himself most days with consistent fevers, an inescapable desire to fuck and kill, and images of blood-soaked erotica behind his eyes. Yet another reason to not leave his house. On many occasions, he finds himself overwhelmed with need. It drives him to lock himself in the bathroom and deal with his body.

Some days he's disgusted with what gives him a boner. He's aware that he's a vampire, but...

"C'mon.. a *tenderloin steak* ? *Really* ?" he looks down at his over-excited body in annoyance. "This is the seventh time today! I'm tired! Go away!" he groans at it. He really was a teenager again. He's had to get himself off 5 out of the 7 times, simply because they just *won't go away* . His arm was sore. He swears that if *any other* extremity was this annoying, he'd just cut it off. He sighs and flops backwards onto his bed. Will hasn't embraced these desires yet, obviously, but they're becoming quite tempting. Images of torn open throats, bleeding down sharp collarbones. Hands covered in blood, hand-feeding Will like a lamb. He imagines himself lapping at the hands with desperation, and his hand travels downward once again. The taste of blood used to make him feel weird, but now he wants nothing more. He'd drown in it, if he could.

He plays out a hunting scenario in his head, using the adrenaline to satisfy his desire to *actually* hunt. His hands are creating more heat from the friction; not helping his fever. He breathes heavily, muscles contracting.

He pulls a person walking down the road into the forest, throwing them to the ground beneath him. They scream, only to be muffled by the beasts strong hand. He wants a hunt, not an easy kill. He leans in, close to their face and whispers,

"Run," he then gets off them and lets them scramble up and start running.

Beads of sweat form on his forehead and chest.

His prey winds through trees, hurriedly trying to escape. They trip on a root, collapsing with a yelp. Will stalks them, not running but keeping a steady pace. The scent of blood hits him like a bus, almost knocking the breath from him. It drives him to kill.

Wills' breathy moans and grunts fill the otherwise empty room, his eyes almost glowing in the darkness when they snap open.

The victims' injury drives Will to speed up, running at a human pace after the stumbling creature. He can hear their heartbeat, frantic and scared like a rabbit. Every now and then he stops chasing, letting them think they escaped. After about 30 seconds, he would leap down from a tree at them, scaring them into sprinting again. When they wheeze and shake from tiredness, he decides to end this little game of theirs. When they slow to catch their breath against a tree, he sneaks up behind them, pinning them by their neck with his hand.

"You put up a good fight, sweet thing," he drawls, his voice gravelly. He leans in to scent the fear on his victim. It smells sour, acidic, and bitter.

Delicious.

"Please- please don't h-hurt me!" they cry, trying to wrench away from their captor. Will tsks *at it, loosening his grip.*

"Shh... I'm not gonna hurt you. This will be the best night of your life," he says lowly, a sweet smile on his face. He looks them in their panicked eyes, and something seems to shift. He leans in, kissing their neck. He hasn't even bitten them yet, and already they've fallen into the trance. They go lax and lean their head back.

Will comes as he bites his victim in his fantasy, eking out the last of his orgasm as he would the blood of his prey. He lay there for a long time, catching the little breath he still had left. Disturbed by his own instincts, he runs a shower and mutters "what the fuck..." over and over again.

Chapter End Notes

starting to get into the spicy stuff- theres more where that came from lol. your kudos feed will when hes hungry and your comments will help me be motivated to post more. im glad to get constructive criticism by the way! let me know if you notice any typos or inconsistencies and i will edit. :)

Pools of Blood.

Chapter Summary

> “You know you want me as your Sire, you want me to change you. Plus, I know your blood will taste so good. I’m so hungry, Hannibal. pleeease? ” a sickly-sweet undertone drips from his words. He means more than he says, something darker. Hannibal sighs, looking up from his drawing at his desk. A renaissance-style portrait of will, fangs peeking past his lip, in pencil. A smile barely touching his lips. Bats litter the background, blood litters his clothes.
> “Will, you know my conditions. You must eat better first, I don't want my blood to outweigh every other. You will only be addicted to mine, and that would not be good for my health, dear boy,” Will scoffs and paces the room. “I fear you may kill me,”
> “Where am I supposed to find better quality prey, I can't exactly pick up millionaires’ blood every week,”
> “Certainly not with that attitude,” Hannibal says with a grin.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will is awoken by a knock at his door. He glances at the clock, 7:45 pm. It could be Alana or Jack, but he suspects his psychiatrist. Who else would wait until *exactly* ten minutes after sunset to knock at his door? He gets up, throwing a shirt on before answering. His suspicion stands correct: Hannibal stands on his porch, carrying a thermal lunchbag. He wears a navy three-piece suit, with a striped grey shirt beneath. *Always overdressed.*

“Hello Will. I brought you breakfast; I just came by to talk with you, see how you’re doing,” Will examines him, trying to control his instincts. His eyes have been glowing since the Hobbs’ house. “I can come back another time, if you’re busy..?” he offers. Will snaps out of it, shaking his head and beckoning Hannibal inside.

“No no, that's very kind of you. Thanks,” he says. He doesn't have the heart to tell Hannibal that he can't eat regular food.

The pair sit at Wills’ rarely used dining table. Hannibal doesn't ask to turn on lights or encourage Will to eat, but when he sets a small stack of warm, steaming crépes in front of him, with a strawberry-chocolate glaze and homemade whipped cream? Will can’t refuse. Food still *tastes* good, and this’ll surely be worth the ordeal later.

“So, how goes your becoming?” Hannibal asks, trying to make small talk between bites.

“It's *hell,* doctor,” Growls Will, talking with his mouth full.

“Tell me about it,” And so he does, broadly covering each issue as it arose and how he tried to deal with it. Hannibal listened intently and patiently, not speaking until he was sure Will was done. “I can tell that you're morally upset at the thought of killing someone, taking their lifeblood directly from the source,” Will nods to his plate. “Have you considered employing a butcher? They slaughter dozens of animals every day, surely you could have them bottle the animal's blood for you,” Hannibal says with a coy grin.

“This isn't funny, *Dr. Lecter.* You may have encountered my kind and claim to know all about them, but you don't know what it's like. You don't know what it's like to want to kill people all the time!” Will stands up, pacing behind his chair. He runs a hand through his hair and over his face, trying to calm down.

“Will, you need to stop. You need to calm down. Finish your--”

“*Calm down?* You're telling me to *calm down?* I AM *CALM,* I'M *PERFECTLY FINE!”* Will roars, leaning over his chair. He bares his newly grown fangs at the doctor for good measure. Hannibal, who is *actually* calm, stands up and steadies his voice.

“If you *ever* bare your teeth at me like that again, I'll be sure to explain to Jack that you physically threatened your new psychiatrist. This will likely get you fired from the academy. Do you understand me, Will?” His face unchanged, his accent growing thicker with seriousness. Will bows his head in regret, muttering an apology. Hannibal watches with interest as the fledgling sits back down and continues to eat. Hannibal joins him, satisfied at his ability to control such a volatile young vampire. It is no easy feat for humans.

Will sits at home, head in his hands, an uncomfortable realization dawned upon him. Hannibal was right. He’ll have to kill soon, one way or another. His throat burns worse by the hour, and his frame lanky and pale with malnutrition. His lungs sit heavy and empty in his chest, his cold, unbeating heart nestled between them. His hair and nails have halted their growth. He tries to draw in a breath to sigh, but he lacks the strength. He couldn't die like this even if he wanted to. Will was finding out that a vampire can survive indefinitely without drinking blood, but all their functions shut down- they stop breathing, their heart stops, they can’t digest human food, even their hair and nails stop growing. It’s not advised to abstain, it becomes quite painful. Defeated, he listlessly slinks from his bed and grabs his coat.

Now comes the task of finding prey. *Hunting.* His instincts flare at the word. He drives around the outskirts of Baltimore. It’s a big enough city to find prey mingling about, but not as rural as the farmlands he calls home. While driving, he concludes that his safest bet is a homeless person. Any police that finds him will shrug it off as another vampire attack, far from Wolf Trap. Nobody would think to look for him, possibly except for Hannibal. At the edge of his vision, he spots a middle-aged homeless man trudging into an alleyway a ways

behind a young woman. He can practically *smell* the bad intentions hanging in the air. His instinct to protect the girl only feeds into his prey drive.

He parks as close as possible, shutting his door quickly and quietly. He listens into the alley, the echoes aiding his heightened senses. He hears him catcalling her, her small protests drowned out by his drunken slurring. Rage builds as he eyes his prey. His irises glow a scarlet red, the color matching his intentions. His muscles recoil as he sprints behind the man, grabbing the back of his neck and slamming his face into the ground. Will looks up at the girl, who has backed up several feet.

" *Go.. I'll take care of this cunt,"* he growls, pinning him by the neck with his knee. She nods, meeting his predator eyes before turning to leave.

" *Thank you,,* " she whispers before scampering down the alley. Will waits before she is out of sight before turning back to the man under his knee. He fights tooth and nail to throw him off, but it does about as much as an annoying fly. Even in his malnourished weekend state, Will is still twice as strong as him. He removes his knee and replaces it with his hand. He leans in, scenting the mans' skin, as much as it repulses him. No serious diseases, not like they would affect him anyway. If it wasn't obvious, the man had excessive alcohol in his bloodstream. Though this kill had been almost entirely random, he had been secretly hoping for a drunk. He wanted to taste booze on his tongue as he sated his thirst. He doesn't want his first kill to be clean or kind. There will be time to be clean later, he has an eternity of feedings to look forward to.

He tears into the man's throat with violence and vigor. Drinking from the hole in the man's neck, Will pants and groans at the relief he feels. He feels the blood coursing through his body, strengthening him. His eyes shine with tears at the relief as the crimson glow dies down, his muscles coil with new strength. His skin flushes, his organs regain their function. It feels weird, but euphoric at the same time. His heart beats with newfound blood inside it. He claws at the man, trying to get *more, more blood* from his prey. Insatiable, yet his throat has ceased its burning for now. Detaching his fangs, he throws his head back, savoring the feeling. He drops the man, now limp and cooling quickly. Will leaves his body to feed stray cats. Hannibals' voice reverberates in his head, " *I love to cook,"* the realization trickles into his head like a spilled glass of wine. The breakfast, the scent. *Is Hannibal a vampire too? If he is, why didn't he just tell me?* Will thinks as he gets back in his car. He's lucky he has tinted windows.

Filled with much-needed energy, Will decides to pay a visit to Dr. Lecter, and talk about the experience. His head still buzzing, he rings Hannibal's doorbell and paces until it's opened. Hannibal opens the door to Will, a spray of blood running from his mouth down to his chest. Will didn't bother cleaning up before his visit, obviously. He stands tall, his eyes reflective in the dark.

"*May I come in* ?" he rumbles. He doesn't need permission like the silly legend says, but he knows politeness is of utmost importance to his doctor.

“Try not to get any blood on the floor, but yes,” Hannibal smiles broadly. Internally, he marvels at the sight in his entryway. He memorizes every detail he sees before him, intending to cherish this image forever. “So, Will, you’ve obviously been busy tonight. Tell me, why today? What drove you to kill?” Hannibal guides the pair to his office, settling down into their chairs.

“Spite,” he spits out, glaring at Hannibal. “I wasn’t about to go to a *butcher,* after all,”

“Ah, so it was resentment. Tell me, Will, did you look into your victims’ eyes as they died? Did you feel powerful? Perhaps in the same way a forgotten god strikes against its only priest, a desperate cry for power in an empty cathedral,” Hannibal stares into his eyes, trying to imagine what Will is feeling in this moment. Will returns the gaze with his dark grey eyes. He pauses for a long time, almost ashamed of his newfound addiction.

“*Yes..”* he pauses. “But I saved a girl. My *prey* was planning to assault her in the alleyway. It felt good to save her, but... it felt better to kill him,” His voice a harsh whisper.

“A good deed and a bad one. The scales are still even, Will... Tell me, which side will your next deed add to?”

“The scales of justice have never been fair. Bad deeds weigh more, at least to the judge. It doesn't matter if I saved her, I still killed a man,” he tilts his head, meeting Hannibals’ curious eyes. “It’s only self-defense if you’re the one in danger,”

“Technically, Will, you *were* in danger. You were starving; in danger of dying,”

“I had every reason to kill him, he just had no reason to die. And, you *know* I can't die from starvation, Hannibal,” Reminded of food, he drags a finger under his chin and licks up the scraps from his meal.

“The judicial system likely does not know the intricacies of vampires as we do, it is likely they would make such an error,”

“Speaking of vampires other than myself, do you count yourself among us? You seem like the type,” He sits forward, wringing his hands still tinted with blood. Hannibal, distracted by Wills’ alluring form, a strength unmatched and looks that could kill. Hannibal meets his eyes, a small smile on his face after ogling at Will.

“Sadly, I do not. Though I think eventually I shall seek out a Sire,”

Chapter End Notes

ooo angery boi- if yall have any questions about the Vampire Mechanics im using id be happy to answer them! you guys dont even KNOW how much your support and kudos mean to me, i love yall <3

Bad Intentions.

As the weeks go by, and Will feeds more and more, he spends his time picking up drunks in alleyways and seducing creeps in bars. Picking lowly, meaningless people off the street. He settles on once or twice a week, though when his hunger increases he makes a kill almost every day. His doctor Lecter has been observing and studying the physical and mental changes that are occurring within the fledgeling. The more time the quickly-maturing vampire spends around this alluring human, the more he craves his blood. Despite being the apex predator, Will bends to Hannibal's desires like soft clay.

“You know you want me as your Sire, you *want* me to change you. Plus, I know your blood will taste so good. I’m so hungry, Hannibal. pleeease? ” a sickly-sweet undertone drips from his words. He means more than he says, something darker. Hannibal sighs, looking up from his drawing at his desk. *A renaissance-style portrait of Will, fangs peeking past his lip, in pencil. A Mona Lisa smile on his lips. Bats litter the background, blood litters his clothes.*

“Will, you know my conditions. You must eat better first, I don't want my blood to outweigh every other. You will only be addicted to mine, and that would not be good for my health, dear boy,” Will scoffs and paces the room. “I fear you may kill me,”

“Where am I supposed to find *better quality prey,* I can't exactly pick up millionaires’ blood every week,”

“Certainly not with that attitude,” Hannibal says with a grin.

Not soon enough, Hannibal puts Will into a fine suit and drags him to an opera house. They walk through the door, elbows interlocked. *It’s not a date,* Will thinks to himself. *But what if it is? He wants to help me. He wants me to hunt… he wants to* ***watch*** *me hunt.* He decides it is merely human curiosity, and his therapists’ concern for his well-being. The suit Hannibal selected for him is made of expensive fabric, a rich deep red. It makes Wills’ skin crawl with discomfort. At least he looks good. You can’t seduce a millionaire without looking the part. He intends on following Hannibal’s lead tonight, after all, it’s his turf. Will isn’t used to the stuffy clothes and elegant music and fake smiles of an opera house.

Among the champagne glasses, every now and then Hannibal would point out a potential target. Whispering little details about them to Will. He points out the rudest of the bunch, hoping to slim the herd with his new hunting companion. Eventually, after scenting almost everyone in the room, he decides on a man named Byron Vaughn. He's loud and obnoxious, making thinly-veiled offensive jokes. At forty-nine years old, he has personally caused the closure of many forest preservation centers and animal shelters. Hannibal knew what information would make Wills’ blood boil. The man is Russian-Scottish, a mix that makes the drink in his hand ultimately ineffective. Two beautiful young women hang off his elbows, laughing nervously when he cracks a joke. *Obstacles.* It may be a difficult hunt, but

an exciting one nonetheless. Hannibal and Will lock eyes, a spark passing through them before gliding like sharks towards their prey.

The pair *plan* to impress him with Hannibals' knowledge of opera, food, and most effectively, alcohol. The man loves to drink, apparently. According to worried whispers shared by the women on his arms, he's on his 6th champagne flute and is as sober as he was when he arrived, or he's at least acting like it. The women cast nervous glances around, trying to catch the attention of someone who can help them escape this creepy, entitled prick. Byron is definitely making the women uncomfortable, but every time they try to slip away, he loudly says "where do you think you're going, *my dear* ?" in his heavy accent. They sheepishly return to his side. Will and Hannibal fume at this, so they make a new plan. Ask the women for a dance at the same time, and while they are on the dance floor they can slip away unnoticed– and then the pair can convince Byron to follow them outside in search, where Will will strike. There are many variables, and many things can go wrong, but they will improvise. That's part of the thrill. The pair wait for a new song to start, of course, then they make their moves.

"Would you allow these beautiful girls to dance with us, my lord? Just for one song, they'll be back at your arms in no time at all," Hannibal says to Byron, adding a wink at the end. Will stands by his side, hand extended to the girl on his left.

"Oh, but of course, doctor Lecter! They are stunning, aren't they?"

"Rare beauties, I'll say," purrs Will, looking between the women. They hurriedly move away from Byron, grateful for the respite. As they walk to the dance floor, the pair thank Hannibal and Will.

"We could see how uncomfortable he was making you- we want to give you a chance to escape. Did you drive here, or shall I call you a taxi?" Hannibal asks, once a safe distance away.

"A cab would be perfect, although we didn't bring our wallets–"

"Allow me to pay for it, no need to owe me," Will pipes up, pulling a 50 out of his wallet and holding it out. The women look at each other, nod, and take the money. Will pulls out his cellphone and calls a taxi for them, giving the address and telling them to hurry. The girls kiss the men on the cheek and thank them again, swiftly exiting the building. Will turns to Hannibal,

"What do you mean shall *you* call a taxi? You don't have a cell phone," Will quips, smiling at Hannibal.

"You know what I meant, *mylimasis*, it worked out in the end. Let's get back to our brute, yes?" he smiles in return. They wait until they see the women get into the cab, and then walk back over to Byron, and ask if the women returned to him. Confused, Byron shakes his head.

"The last I saw of them, they were with you," he states.

“They had abandoned us on the dance floor, they said they were returning to you. They must have slipped away, unnoticed,” Hannibal says with a sigh. “We’ll help you look for them, if you like, my lord?” Byron nods and starts scanning the room. After a minute, Will tells Mr. Vaughn that he saw a glimpse of her in the parking lot outside.

Once outside, in the far corner of the lot, Will grabs at the back of their prey's neck, gripping the collar of his shirt and yanking him backward. He falls, and Will lunges to pin him down. He shouts obscenities in a language Will doesn't understand, but it does nothing. Hannibal merely watches from a few feet away, while also watching for passersby. A subtle smile rests on his otherwise calm expression. Will, not paying attention to Hannibal at all, grips his prey's face to look at him, making eye contact to put him under thrall. The body under him struggles violently for a moment, until he makes eye contact with Will. He goes lax, his muscles unclenching and his shouts of protest slurring. Will relaxes his grip, his prey can't run away while it's under thrall.

“Get in the car,” Will instructs softly, to both Hannibal and his prey. Hannibal opens the doors, and Byron calmly gets up and gets into the backseat. The hunters and their dinner then head for home.

“You continue to impress me, Will– that thrall took less than thirty seconds, you are getting more efficient,” Hannibal compliments as they return to his office.

“Thank you.. Though I can't take all the credit, the more intelligent someone is, the longer it takes,” he laughs, and Hannibal smiles broadly at him.

“Cheeky boy,,” Will smiles softly. He grows fonder of the doctor every time they are together. He turns his attention to their prey, who sits still enthralled, at the head of the table in Hannibals' dining room.

“How do you wish to kill him?” Hannibal asks, moving to stand beside the vampire.

“I'm not sure- I've only ever killed outside... where I don't have to worry about the mess. But your house? Maybe I should take him to an alley–”

“No, don't worry about the mess, Will. I will take care of that part,”

“Why do you know how to– ah, you were a surgeon. Did you have to clean up blood often?” Will asks, unawares of Hannibal's eating habits.

“Yes, very often. I still do. I have all the supplies I need at home. I also butcher most of my own meat, you know,” Hannibal grins, completely telling the truth. Will grins and shrugs.

“I suppose I could feed in the bathroom, then. Some privacy and relatively easy cleanup,”

“Yes, I think that would be appropriate,” Hannibal doesn't show his disappointment on his face. He wished to watch Will feed, though he understands his desire for privacy.

Suddenly, feeding had become much more intimate. It didn't feel like a carnivore picking off a rabbit, but it felt calculated, important. It was, of course. Hannibal practically handed him his meal. The small space didn't help, or the fact that Byron was looking at him with heart eyes. He suddenly felt incredibly awkward. He took a deep breath, deciding it was easier if his prey fought. He looked into Byron's eyes and released him from the thrall. It took a moment for it to process, but he immediately scrambled backward, falling into the bathtub. Watching his prey cursing and flailing, Will felt his predator instinct return. He grabbed one of his flailing hands and asked,

“Any last words, Mr. Vaughn?” he grinned viciously, his fangs on full display.

“Yeah, you fucking crazy vampi–” before he could finish, Will lunged and sunk his teeth into the man, making him cry out. The cry quickly turned into something else, almost a whine. Will drank from the man, and Hannibal was right. Rich blood *did* taste better. It felt like it was healthier for him, like more efficient fuel in a car. Byron wasn't fighting anymore, he was... moaning? The hell was he on? Then he remembered hearing somewhere that vampire saliva is one of the most intense aphrodisiacs in the world. It was often bottled and sold as a sexual enhancer. Will looked down, teeth still in his prey's neck, and saw a tent in his fancy dark blue pants. He laughed, spitting out what blood was in his mouth, some of it going into his nose. He sat back for a moment, wheezing with laughter.

Hannibal, waiting and listening in the hall outside, became too curious to bear it. *Why was Will laughing so hard?* He quietly walked over to the bathroom door, knocking softly.

“Will? Everything alright?” Will continued laughing from the other side of the door, but it swung open to reveal a bloody, toothy grin and a blood-soaked Will. He just gestured to Byron, still laying in the bathtub with a raging boner and a hole in his neck.

“I forgot about that part,” Will says through laughter. Hannibal smiles.

“Well, you know where to get the last of his blood, dear Will. I'll leave you be,” Hannibal pats Will's shoulder and backs out of the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He stands outside for a moment until he hears Byrons' moans continue.

As soon as Hannibal is safely in his room, his guises fall away. That scene was intoxicating, and he desperately wished for it to be him. He wanted Will, he wanted to be fed from and fucked by this beautiful creature. He figured he at least had a few minutes to himself, and at that moment he didn't care if Will walked in on him. He lay back on his bed, hands wandering feverishly. He wished to feel Wills’ fangs in him, clawing at him, drinking away his life. If that's how he died, he would be content. The feral beast inside of Will excited his own, the ferocity of another creature making him swoon. He shuffled his pants down, just enough to access what he needed. He was incredibly hard already, with not a drop

of vampire saliva in him. Oh, how he *wished* there was. He breathed heavily, trying not to let out any sound for fear that Will would hear him and come knocking. Not that he would entirely mind. His hands worked himself, wishing that his hands were Wills. He got lost in imagining all the bloody, heated scenes between the two of them, he lost track of time.

There was a knock at the door.

“Hannibal? I'm, uh... I'm done with him,” Will says through the door. Hannibal calmly scrambles his pants back up, spraying some cologne on his wrists to hide the scent until he can wash his hands.

“I'll be out in a moment. Go wait in my office in the meantime,” he tries.

“O... kayy..?” Will says curiously, walking away from the door.

Hannibal sits in his office at his desk while Will paces the room, looking at books and paintings and the like. Hannibal prays he cleaned himself up well enough so Will can’t smell the sex on him. Will's mood seemed different when he came out of that bathroom. He seemed... sure of himself. Less timid. Maybe it's just confidence, but it seems... more.

“How was your first taste of rich blood?” Hannibal starts.

“Ohh, it was *decadent.* I know what you meant, by getting addicted to it. I feel like all I’ve ever eaten is McDonalds and now I’ve had a five-star meal,” Will meanders over to the desk, perching on the edge of it, leaning a hand behind him. Hannibal has to focus to make eye contact. Will's eyes are a deep blue, freshly fed and back to ‘normal.’ He licks over his fangs like a wolf, keeping eye contact with the doctor. His nostrils flare just a little, and he smirks, looking at Hannibals' hands.

“Seems like you were having just as much fun as I was, doctor Lecter. Was that *before* or *after* you came to check on me?”

“Forgive me, Will, the feeling struck and I had to take care of it. You know how it is,” he tilts his head. There is a long silence.

“You didn't answer my question,” Will pries.

“No, I didn't,”

End Notes

i have so much more of this in progress!!! my posting schedule will be sporadic and irregular. i really hope you enjoy the first chapter. <3 (i wont follow the canon so strictly with the dialogue in the future, i just wanted the "first meet" scene to be exact)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!